

# APA-FILK #26

May 1985



In this Issue -

DO FILKING KILL  
THE DINOSAURS?



# BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG #6



Being typed at the ungodly hour of 6:17, a mere 3 hours before collation, this is another slightly insane issue of Beyond the Last Visible Dog, number 6, to be presice, for APA-Filk #26. This is me, Vinnie Bartilucci, here at the Finest Kind Bargain Basement Salvation House of Worship and Pro Shop, at 45 Newburgh St, Elmont, NY 11003. If you call (516)872-6069, you will get me, and not Dial-A-Prayer. This ever so sinful zine is Copyright 1985 by Vinnie Bartilucci, and is not a Proctor & Gamble product.

Well, I've had a fun quarter. Main in line of excitement that has anything to do with filk was my trip to Con-Chord, soooo...

## CON-CHORD REPORT

-or-

"Hi, Vinnie, I'm glad you're not Quentin Long."

Con-Chord was my first total filkcon, but definitely not my last. I got to meet lotsenlots of filkers who had just been names before, such as Frank Hayes, ("It's not much of a thrill, is it?" was his first sentence to me.) Joey "Cutest Knees in Fandom" Shoji ("Oh, you're the guy that did Scotty!") and Cindy McQuillin (who didn't really say much that was funny, but sang quite a bit of stuff that was.) On Saturday night I and some other folks actually lived up to the old tradition and "Filked Til' Dawn." This was of course followed by waking up at 11 AM (3 hours later,) To hear Frank, Clif Flynt (The GOH, and perpetrator of "Unreality Warp",) and Bill Roper tell funny stories for two hours straight. (Not that this is bad...) The concert was both well-performed and well attended, the filks were rollicking and quick, and I actually bought my membership for Bayfilk 3 next year. (AAAAAAaaaaaaa!!!!!!)

About midway through the con, I mentioned to Tera Mitchel how much fun I was having. She quipped, "Well, now it's your turn. You run a con on the East Coast, and we'll all come to you."

Who says I'm not crazy? Anybody wanna help?

%%%%%%%%%%%%%

Well, I didn't win the Tully raffle at Con-Chord, and I told this to one of my relatives at a family party. "Oh," he blandly responds, "I think I have a few Quarts in my basement. You want it?" I nodded numbly to the affirmative. I now have an imperial Quart of the Dew in my hot little possession. (Giggle gloat beam) It's fu ntu share it, so I brought it with me to collation. I don't know if any'll be left.

For those of you that didn't know, our friend Mr Jordin Kare is now Dr. Jordin Kare, as he just got his PhD in Astronomy. As the article excerpt from Time on the next page will attest, he is still too busy to write for APA-Filk.

## BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG Page 2

**O**ffers of assistance have come from other quarters as well. Jordin Kare, a physicist with Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, has suggested that a 24-in. Schmidt telescope in Australia be used with a computer scanning system called the Star Cruncher to survey the Southern Hemisphere skies. If these approaches turn up a blank, Kare and Muller will launch a Star Cruncher search in the north. And at JPL, Astrophysicist

It's been a productive quarter. To start off, here's a filk about everybody's favorite pile of silicon...

At last we know why Jordin went to all that work;  
just so he could get to Worldcon this year for free  
!

### Hal 2

By Vinnie Bartilucci & Neil Belsky

Tune: The Sounds of Silence

Hello David, my old friend,  
You've come to speak with me again.  
While down below the planet is shrinking  
And all the monoliths are drinking  
And I'm thinking  
that it's nice to work with you  
What will we do?  
Above the moon called Io

I've been asleep for quite a time  
They're calling what I did a crime  
I only did what they told me  
But Dr. Chandra didn't scold me  
He could've sold me out  
But he stood right by my side  
I'm still his pride  
Above the moon called Io

Although it's just eighteen words long  
I'll send my message loud and strong  
Chandra has left with Floyd and Curnow  
I'm scared but at least Dave is here now  
I don't know how  
I will feel when I cut this beam  
Will I dream?  
Above the moon called Io

It's not quite ose, but it's as close as I'll ever get...

I may not be the only fan of Buckaroo Banzai, but I bet I'm the only person to do a filk on it...

A Lectroid's Lament  
By Vinnie Bartilucci & Neil Belsky  
Tune: The Boxer

I am just a Lectroid, and I come from Planet 10  
And I've offered my allegiance  
to the service of our master, Lord John Whorfin.  
It wasn't fair  
When the Blackies overthrew us and exciled us out of there  
To Dimension number 8, where we plan we plan and scheme and wait

When Emilio Lizardo, excercizing every care  
Tried to travel through a brick wall  
He had trouble with his 'thruster, got just halfway there  
When he came back he wasn't sane  
Cause the Lectroids caught and kept him on an Eighth Dimension plane  
Whorfin came back in his place, orange hair, but Lizardo's face

Grover's Mill was our target when from exile we escaped  
Orson tried to warn the public  
But we made him say it was a hoax, that silly ape  
Biding our time,  
We set up a dummy company and called it Yoyodyne  
Keeping busy in the pit, while we built our new troop ship

Monkey boys are in the Complex, and Doc Banzai's on our tail,  
Lord John Whorfin's overthruster  
Didn't work; we're over Jersey, our mission's failed.  
But I'm not scared,  
I am going out to Hollywood; I'll get a job out there  
On the tube I'm gonna be, on an SF show called "V"

Of course, ther's always the little snippet...

He'll be driving through that mountain when he comes  
He'll be driving Through that mountain when he comes  
With a Mach 3 rocket cluster  
And a pocket Overthruster  
He'll be driving through that mountain when he comes

How about...

There's a man I've found who can bring us all glee  
there's a filker I've found can sing on Key  
A filker I've found can sing on Key  
There's a man I've found that can keep one tempo  
He's here at this con, let's see him tomorrow  
Let's see him tomorrow.....

Not much time, not much space, so till Larry Hagman does a Jeannie reunion, this is.....





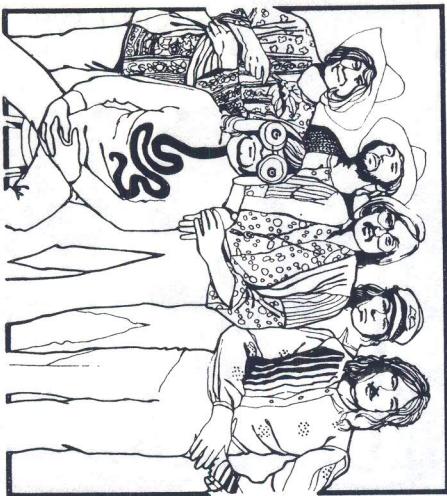
# Are You Ready For Such An Advanced And Futuristic Contribution To The Arts?

## SPOT 5 ERRORS

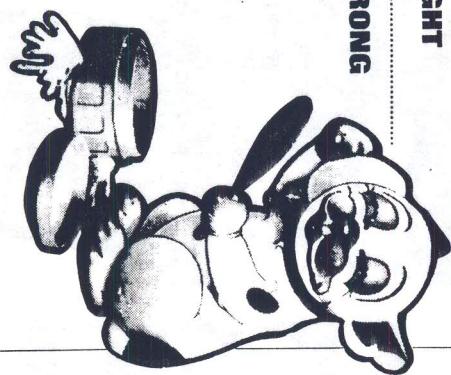
SHADES of Spike Jones! What have we here? These six super tracks call themselves the Bonzo Dog Band and they record for Liberty Records. Don't miss their latest LP, *The Doughnut in Granny's Greenhouse*—12 tracks, high-spirited, high-energy fun! What's the name of the band? What's the name of the record? What's the name of the title track? The top drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil. If you can't, just try to work right away—and good luck!



RIGHT



WRONG



TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE BONZO  
DOG BAND FAN CLUB, SEND US A LETTER  
OR POSTCARD WITH YOUR NAME AND  
ADDRESS TO: BONZO FAN CLUB C/O  
D. COLE 336 HOOVER AVE. BLOOMFIELD  
NEW JERSEY 07003

Are You Into Legs, Shirts, Trousers And  
Pre Fabricated Concrete Coal Bunkers?

The Time Has Come  
For An Awareness Of  
DOO/DAAH

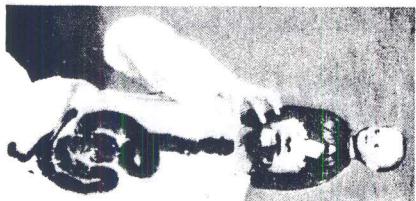
SOON TO BE PUBLISHED: UNUSUAL  
PHOTOGRAPHS, UNPUBLISHABLE INFORMATION  
AND COMMENTS

reader participation welcome

5 ERRORS CONTEST



GET ON DAH LIST



We Want Your Brain  
To Pay For Further Education...  
THE BONZO DOG BAND FAN CLUB

**DOO/DAH**  
THE BONZO DOG BAND FAN CLUB



**PREVIEW**

Last issue I quated a song sung at the ASH dinner, it was used by a mamber and friends on the subway. They were on the train when someone entered, carring a large radio, at full volume. When asked politely to modulate it, he ignored them. The then proceeded to sing "M~~Y~~ REINDEER" which caused this individual to act like a music critic and walk out. Well, they were off key.

Jim Ballinger preformed the following and has given ppermission for me to run

IN BED WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES (THE SONG)

"The fairer sex is your depart-  
Ment" said the man of brain, not heart,  
For Watson's trade with women spans  
'Cross seven seas and many lands

But what of Sherlick? Set it straight:  
He surely wasn't celebate!  
Here's proof that women sealed their fate  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes

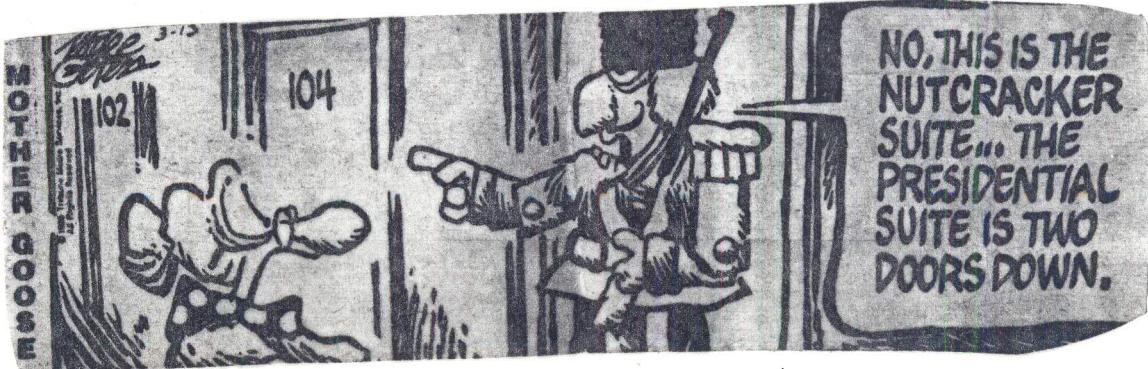
As early as the Study in Scarlet  
Holmes cavorted oft with harlots  
Long as libido allowed  
Right up until his final bow

And what of Watson's many wives?  
What were there? Three or four or five?  
It's even odds they'd gladly dive  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes  
Who;  
What of Martha Hudson? She  
Was Holmes and Watson's landlady.  
With beef and spuds and corn and peas:  
Not just in food she aimed to please

For certain here's another one:  
'Tis Aggie, maid to Milverton  
By all accounts he had some fun  
In bed woth Sherlock Holmes

And now "The Woman" as she's called  
By many fellows she'd been...enthralled.  
She caused a Bohemian scandal;  
To her none could hold a candle

The daintest thing ever seen  
Beneath a bonnet was Irene  
And Nero is the proof she'd been  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes





Victorian times forced Watson to  
Conceal details considered blue,  
But now the whole truth out may come:  
The engineer lost not his thumb

And what, pray tell me if you can,  
Was crooked on the Crooked Man?  
The second stain sure wasn't jam  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes

I fear the tale now turns profane:  
The love that dare not speak its name.  
The Greek Interpreter and then  
Black Peter and the Dancing Men

And what of Watson, John, M.D.?  
A straight and narrow fellow he?  
Not on your life: he longed to be  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes

The bedroom at 221B  
Did see a strange variety;  
Chris Redmand says we long to be  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes  
(But only reading)  
In bed with Sherlock Holmes.

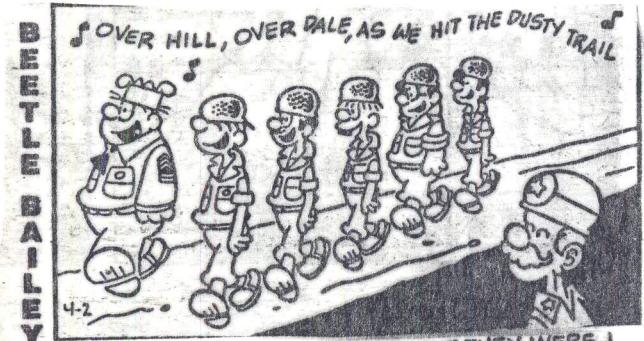
Jim had done this as part of the after dinner program at the ASH dinner in January, and said that he will get the music to me, one day real soon.

## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"OK. Here's another little ditty we can all sing... Of course, as always, the only words are 'ribbit, ribbit.'"





JERSEY FLATS, #3, April 1985  
Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

\*\*\*\*\*

It's been a nasty winter. Especially the last two weeks, when everything seemed to go wrong for everyone I know...disasters ranging from sudden deaths to expected deaths to automobile accidents (my car now has a trunk where the back seat used to be)...

However, there were some Cons to go to, and filks got written (even if I haven't been able to sit down to write a STORY in nearly six month)...

CLIPPERCON: This one was the same weekend as BosKone, so you'll have to take my word for it, it was fun and games time for Trekkers. Performance Filk rules here: They have a 'Fannish Friday Filk', where each of the groups gets a chance to do its thing for half an hour or so. There were Ceti and the Eels (who have good lyrics, but no pitch) and Howie Weinstein (who sings a lot of Harry Chapin and Shel Silverstien stuff) and the Kobayashi Maru Glee Club (they got some time later, also)...and me...and a real treat, an unnamed trio consisting of T.J. Burnside, Linda Melnick and Shiela Willis, who did beautiful three-part harmony on various fantasy and Darkover themes.

There was a little filking on Saturday night, but I mostly remember that trio... performance at its best.

LUNACON: Now we got more-or-less serious...I racketed around on Friday night with some characters from Stony Brook (the ones who run I-Con)...they had some very funny, and very scatological stuff with them...they had the words, but I wasn't too clear on some of the tunes...I'm not as up on current rock as I should be. Saturday night turned into a one-woman show, not that I intended it that way, but either all the other filkers stayed home, or there was a private little filk-party that I wasn't told about... I get positively PARANOID about things like that. I have this vision of people saying, 'Make sure Roberta doesn't come along and spoil this for us'. I KNOW various filkers were there, but I couldn't find the filk-sing they were singing at!

BALTICON: Now THAT was a filk-sing! Because of the disasters, Passover Seders, etc, I didn't get there until 11PM Friday, thus missing the Masquerade, which is one of the highlights of BaltiCon for me...However, I found the filksing just as it was getting orgainized...Kathy Sands was more-or-less in charge of keeping things moving...and C. J. Cherryn appeared with her 12-string, song-books, and voice...and we kept at it until 2 AM, when I left...Crystal Hagel (my roommate for the Con) didn't creep into the room until 5 AM!

Saturday the singing started earlier than usual, at the request of some people who complained that they never found the filking, because it was on too late, and they had to catch busses or put kids to bed or something...so the "Clean Filk" started at 7P.M, ran until 9, then moved to another room (the one we had had been pre-empted for a club party)...I made a grievous mistake, and went to sit in on a panel about fanzines. On said panel was the kind of loud-mouthed boor who insists that BOOK fandom is the ONLY fandom, and anything else is TRASH. He would not shut up about this, and I was too worn out to outshoot him, so I did the next-best thing...I picked up the guitar and went back to the filksing!

Around midnight (after 4 or 5 hours of singing, clapping, chatting between sings) the tonsils said "QUIT", so I went back up to the Party Floor...where someone was playing bagpipes. She did it quite well...and she had infinite lung capacity...but bagpipes are best heard in the open fields, amongst the heather and the kilts, or maybe on Fifth Avenue. In a hotel room they are altogether too pervasive. When bagpipes are being played, the only thing the brain will absorb is the bagpipe music. So I went to

my room and actually got some sleep..strange thing to do at a Con!

Sunday morning, I sat down and wrote three filks, one right after the other. Actually, between the three Cons I came up with six filks...so if you go to Cons to get the juices flowing, one might say they were successful. From the financial point of view, LunaCon and BaltiCon were not so good...but I don't go to 'straight' SF Cons to make money, I go to have a good time. I go to the Media Cons to make money AND have a good time...

#### OUTRAGEOUS OPINION SECTION

I've been thinking about what makes someone choose a particular song to filk to. I've come to the conclusion that it depends on what you've been listening to at the time you're writing the words! I've suddenly found myself using either pop tunes or Country/Western ... such as the following, which is an acceptable excuse for getting out of a Filksing at 2 AM:

#### OVERAGED FAN'S LAMENT: To the tune of "Flowers on the Wall"

I used to go to SF Cons, and have a lot of fun,  
Now I wonder what it was that I had done?  
That sort of fun and games I played seems aw'fly silly now,  
But I remember with nostalgia anyhow...

CHORUS: Going up to bed at one, 'stead of filking until dawn;  
Eating meals three times a day, live on food, not curds and whey;  
Renting hotel rooms instead of sleeping out in the cold,  
What makes you think...I'm getting old?

I'm terribly sedate these days, I get to bed by two ,  
I only line out stories in the ladies' loo;  
I never filk in elevators, only in the halls,  
And all graffiti that I write are on the walls (not ceilings!)

\*\*\*\*\*

I've also used contemporary C/W for this one, since I've already had my dig at the female costumers in REC-ROOMRHYMES #3, this is to prove I'm not Sexist:

#### SONNY'S GOT HIS CHAIN-MAIL ON (to the tune of "Baby's Got Her Blue Jeans On")

Down by the corner, by the traffic light,  
See sunlight glinting, ooh, what a sight!  
Looks like something you'd see carved in stone...  
Lord have mercy, Sonny's got his chain mail on!

A purple tunic, and chartreuse pants,  
You've gotta watch him through Foster-Grants,  
STanding on the line to get into the Con...  
Lord have mercy, Sonny's got his chain mail on!

He don't care if you turn and flee,  
He likes to dress Medievally,  
He don't mean to cause a scene,  
It just comes naturally...(the boy can't help it!)

Clinks through the lobby, scares the Mundanes,  
With sword and helmet, he's taking pains,  
Something out of the Simarillion...  
Lord have mercy, Sonny's got his chain mail on!

And then there's this, which I wrote for LunaCon, after seeing Chita Rivera on a PBS special...some tunes sort of sit there in your head and DARE you to filk to them:

ALL THOSE FANS(to the tune of "All That Jazz")

Come on, Baby, and let's go downtown, where there's a SF Con  
(With all those fans)  
Grab your blaster, wrap your cape around, and we can get it on  
(with all those fans)  
Come on down, I know a tasty spot,  
Where the talk is cheap, and the 'zines are not,  
We'll be in a haze for three whole days  
With All Those Fans!

Get a load of that gal over here, and the guy back there,  
(With all those fans)  
She's the one in the chain-link brassiere, and he's got lots of hair  
(Like all those fans)  
There's the guest of honor, me-oh-my,  
He's got a jacket on, he's got a shirt and tie,  
Ain't it a shame, 'cause he looks so Mundane  
With All Those Fans!

Now's the chance for us to sing along, I think they call it filk..  
(With all those fans)  
Don't you worry if your voice sounds wrong, just like ripping silk,  
(Like all those fans)  
Sing out loud and join the choruses,  
And you can be so proud, you're where the action is,  
We can sing all night until we're put to flight  
By All Those Fans!

We can see the movies that we missed 'way back when we were teens  
(Like all those fans)  
Buy the books that we've got on our list, though they're beyond our means  
(Like all those fans)  
Sunday night, and it is not a joke,  
We're hungry, tired and cold, and we are flatsy broke,  
But it's been a ball, and we'll be back next fall  
With all Those Fans!

OOOH, I've nothing left but,  
OOOOH, I love S-F---and All Those Fans!

STUFF I FORGOT TO SAY:

TREXINDEX Third Supplement, Volume II is at the printer...this is the one that has the poetry/art listings, and since filksongs count as poetry (or at least, Verse), it might be something to think about getting if you're interested in tracking down words to various filksongs dealing with media. I've also included APA-Filk in the list of places to write for words to filksongs or information about them.

On the subject of tunes that I want and can't find: Can anyone get me the sheet music to a C/W tune called "Somewhere Down the Line"? I'm intrigued by certain possibilities for a filk for "The Terminator"

A scrap of a filk for "Amityville Horror" and other slasher movies:

"There is something in my house/moving around where I can't see,  
"Something in my house...and I know it's coming after me!"

(Tune is by Ronny Milsap: "Stranger in my house")

4

PLUGPLUGPLUGPLUGPLUG:

The MUZE #3 is now out...it's got several Media filks and an article by Bob Aspirin on Perfomance Filk. And I have decided to open REC-ROOM RHYMES so that I can print it once a year, instead of waiting for two years to put together enough of my own stuff to make it worth-while...so contributions are gladly accepted, so long as they are moderately PG (no overt scatology, please, innuendoes are fine), and not too political (No fair exhorting to rebellion, but mild ire with the Powers That Be isn't too bad, so long as it's funny). Aside from my own stuff, I've actually got one by C.J.Cherryh (DROP that name, Rogow!)...plus stuff from Gayle Puhl, and some of the Sue Fine stuff for the Kobyashi Maru people...And I plan to print around July, to send some to the World Con with the Off-Centaur people....

And now I have to break this off and go show "Godzilla" to the little kiddies...

KEEP ON TREKKIN'FORCEFULLY!

*Roberta Rogow*

"LADYHAWKE"

by Roberta Rogow

(to the tune of "Leatherwing Bat" )

Hi, said the Mouse, who snook with fright,  
Once I knew a valiant knight,  
A Wolf my night and man by day,  
With a quest to prove and a foe to slay,

Hi, said the Wolf, who howled with grief,  
A drunken Priest and a clever Thief  
Will help a Wolf and Hawk to find  
The end of life they left behind.

Hi, said the injured Ladyhawke,  
First I fly and then I walk;  
By night I am a maiden fair,  
By day, as hawk, I take the air..

Hi, said the Priest, up in his Tower,  
I can foil the Devil's power,  
When night and day are merged in one,  
Then will the Carse at last be gone...

Hi, said the Bishop, dressed in white.  
Once I hired a man to fight,  
he took my love, his fate will meet,  
For wolf and Hawk, revenge is sweet...

Hi, said Navarre and Isabeau,  
We stand together here to show  
That there's no curse can come above  
The power of eternal love..

CHORUS: how-de-dow-dy, diddle-o-day (3 times)  
Toll-oli-lee, de-diddle-ay-do.

*diddle entry*

*I don't care about The  
Critics — I like*

*"Ladyhawke"!*

TAKING NOTES

issue #1

from

Rick's Cafe Americain  
2081 Hietter Ave.  
Simi Valley, CA 93063

brought to you by Rick Weiss and Mistie Joyce  
Official Double Agents for the Oakland in '87 and the  
L.A. in '87 Westercon bids

Greetings! to one & all. We've finally arrived (if this really gets mailed in time), as we have been wanting to join APA-Filk since first seeing it at Con-Chord I. A number of you know us, & we know you if you've ever been to a West Coast filksing or Con. Sorry, but the farthest east we've ever filked was Phoenix (Westercon 35, in 1982). Mistie and I (this is Rick writing) ((and this is Mistie in the (( ))). Mistie and I (this is Rick writing) ((and this is Mistie in the (( ))). Hi!) have been active in the L.A. Filker's Anonymous group ~~100%~~ ~~100%~~ ~~100%~~ for about three years. We've both had several songs pubbed in Paul Willett's Philk-Fee-Nom-Ee-Nom.

Dept. of Brief Explanations: The Cafe Americain is the name of my house (no, I am not a Bogie fan, except maybe for Casablanca), & we are Double Agents because:

- 1) We know many (most?) of the people on both ConComs.
- 2) Both ConComs asked us to join their bids, &
- 3) We couldn't refuse, &
- 4) What better place than the Cafe Americain for a few spies?  
((Besides all that, it sounds like fun))

#### Convention Comments, Con-Chord II

Overall, a very nice Filkonvention w/ a superb concert. It was especially nice to see (hear) some voices new to the west coast crowd, although Clif Flynt wasn't at all like my vague expectations. For a filker of whom my only knowledge was "Ian the Grim" and "Unreality Warp" Clif turned out to have a lot of good, serious (but not all ose) ((&really beautiful)) filk, rather than all humor & ose as I sort of expected.

BUT - what seems to be a growing problem at filk-cons (at least at those I've attended) is getting worse. What I'm referring to is the (you should pardon the expression) organization of the sings. KAOS (an appointed Demi-God to pick the next singer) kept things moving along (usually, or at least better than a Bardic Circle), but, with the Bardic Circle form, pays a price - for very large areas of time, many of the most talented singers, & especially the 'foreigners' were not in the filk room, but out in the hall/lobby. I can understand why they do this - to get a (small) audience to listen to them & to escape the boredom & frustration of waiting for a turn while listening to what can be the 'dregs' of filk. BUT - without the 'stars', of course the filk done will often be bad - & if someone isn't present, it's very hard to ask them to sing. What really made all of this painfully obvious (I'm an all-con-long taper) is that when re-playing and editing good songs onto cassette for regular listening, is that I got more good songs in the last 2 hours of Sunday - when Clif, Bill Roper, Frank Hayes, et. al. were promised sole use of the floor if only they would come back inside & sing - than I did from all of Sat. & Fri. nites (except for the concert). Somethin needs to be done-

& I'll have mor to say next time. Anyone else have some ideas on this?

((I've got a somewhat different view of things. For one thing, there were alot of good songs Fri & Sat, they just weren't from the mid-westers. One big problem with the KAOS organization was that no one told Frank Gasparik to shut up - he's got every 4th or 5th song & most are not very good.

I go to a filk not only to listen, but also to sing. I like to perform somewhat mor than Rick does, so this may have bothered me more than it did him. I didn't get to sing very musc - 2 songs a night was, I think, the most. Yet people like C.J. Cherryh - who, let's face it, is famous, but whose songs tend to be excessively long, monotonous, & inaudible - were picked on two or three times as often. If i'm going to be passed over in favor of someone else, I'd like it to be on t the basis of filking ability.

I feel that Clif, as GOH, was rather rude in not spending more time with the group. One of a GOH's obligations is to not shut him or herself up with a small group of dedicated fans for most of the con.

When the mid-westers were finally coaxed back in Sunday afternoon, it was just as the group had gotten small enough so that I was looking forward to singing. And thn I wasn't supposed to sing. Although they're all people I would be happy to sit & listen to at times, by the end of this con I didn't really care.

Aside from the above, it was a well-organized & -run con. The hotel (Sheraton) was wonderful.))

#### Comments to APA-Filk #25

Cover - speaking of P.D.Q., has anyone ever tried inviting Peter Schickele to a filk?

Jersey Flsts - Re: singing thisngs to the 'wrong' tune - I'll do it to deliberately shatter the original mood, or to poke fun &/or new life into an old song that's overstayed its welcome, like "Banned From Argo". ((I don't care what it is - if you can't joke about it, you can't think rationally about it. Aside from which, a lot of filk is grand, rediculous fun. No seriousness aloud. I like "Chandler's Tale's" even if (\* \* \*) doesn't stand for the same thing each time.))

Anakreon - please consider tis an order for all available issues with "That Real Old Time Religion", & for the next one, here's my verse:

We will have a merry visit  
Down with Zandru though the chill it  
Cuts with pain that is exquisite.  
Still, it's cold enough for me  
(See what I put up with?))

B.T.L.V.D. - ((Thanks for considering us "likely looking ~~shakers~~ people."))

This will be a quick cut-off, I want to hold this to 2 pages for now. I'll be back to 'take more notes' next time. 2300 hrs, 24 April, 1985

# Filkers

## Do It



## 'Till Dawn

Verse 7, part 2

Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2, Santa Clara CA  
95050

Between a crisis a work and a sick computer, this will be another rush-to-meet (maybe) - the deadline. Oh, well.

Welcome to our newcomers. I look forward to a lot of new and interesting songs.

Roberta - Do you have Crystal's current address? I've misplaced it. If you don't, ask her to drop me a line.

Mark - just how do you differentiate between a "founder" and a "contributor to the first issue"?

Margaret - feel free to use any Filk/icon reviews/reports in Kantele.

I've been in a long dry spell in terms of writing filk, but I did manage an SCA song for the Mists Spring Banquet. The theme was the Age of Exploration in the 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> Centuries. Doing a little research gave a base for a historical song

# THE AGE OF EXPLORATION

Tune: Own

by Erhard Jackson (Harold Groot)

## Prince Henry the Navigator

Prince Henry got things started  
though he never went to sea  
His Captains wouldn't even go  
Where he said they should be

(spoken - Henry said to sail south, but for years and years his  
Captains went elsewhere, such as East to raid Grenada)

## Ecology Lesson

They brought to Porto Santa  
Just one rabbit - that seemed safe  
It turned out she was pregnant  
and they had to leave that place

(spoken - They abandoned the colony when the rabbits ate them out  
of house and home. Why couldn't they just eat the rabbits?)

## Bartolomeu Dias

He sailed the sea of Darkness  
The Cape of Storms took days  
King John, renaming it Good Hope  
Said "Advertising pays".

(Bartolomeu also built the boats for his successor)

## Vasco Da Gama

Da Gama, he reached India  
With Trinkets cheap and bright  
But there in fabled Calicut  
He hid them out of sight

(Vasco brought trade goods suitable for African tribesmen.  
They were definitely unsuitable as a gift to the king of a  
rich trading empire)

(switch tune to Billigan Island)

### Christopher Columbus

He started: He did not know where  
His ships were headed for

He landed: He did not know where  
he was upon the shore

Returning, he did not know where  
he'd been with all his crew.

He did it all with borrowed funds -  
And now there's me and you

(Back to original tune)

### Ferdinand Magellan

Like Chris, the King of Portugal  
Had turned his project down  
and so he went and sailed for Spain  
and so gained great renown

Magellan died, but still the ship  
Victoria sailed west  
and Juan Sebastian del Cano,  
he brought her home to rest

One ship in five, one man in ten  
returned to tell the tale  
And yet, they made a profit -  
Glory to the Age of Sail!

Con-Chord II was even more hectic than I expected. I found out Friday night at 6 pm that I would, in fact, be able to go. Rush Home. Call airport - "I'm sorry, our computer is down. I can make you reservations for next week, but not for tonight (For this I waited out 10 minutes of Muzak?!?). Call Hotel - yes, they have space. Call Cab - no problem. Show up early at airport and pray. Yes, I can have a ticket. Arrive around Midnight.

The Friday night sing was a big circle, with several types of signs for people to wave - got one ready, I can top that, let's have a group song, I've Always got one ready, and a few others. The signs help, but the circle is just too big. I stayed until things broke up (around 4:5 am?) and got to sing 2 songs, no - three. The next day featured Clif Flyer, ~~and~~ Bill Roper and Frank Hayes, mostly story telling but with a few songs. A concert that I had to miss (thank goodness for tape recorders and a friend to flip the tape) was the highlight of Sat. Evening. The circle was larger than ever, with Kathy Marr fielding a lot of the requests. Again, it was taking about 2 hours to go once around the circle. At 6 am (3 songs plus 2 by request, as I recall) I bailed out to chat with Frank Garpart and Peggy Corrigan. I offered them crash space, and we all got a few hours sleep. Sunday started with a decent brunch. While bringing down instruments we met C.J. Cherryh and decided to have a half sing (several other groups were doing this, too - the circle is just too big). After a bit of this, I noticed that my voice was warming up. Singing mostly 3 ways (Peggy contributed only a few) for about 6 or 7 hours, I got to sing lots of songs, I sang them much better because my voice had warmed up, and in general had a great time.

Harold

# ANAKREON

#26, APA-Filk Mailing #26

1 May 1985

## YO HO HO AND A BARREL OF PORK

This song commemorates the Navy's recent decision to make New York City the home port of the Battleship Iowa, now that it has been refitted with its new nuclear missiles. The objections raised by Pacifists have been overcome by the concerted unity of both Senators and the Mayor.

Battleship on the City's stoop,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Heart of a nuclear combat group,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
It's going to bring us a lot of jobs.  
Carefree spending by drunken gobs,  
Radiation and slimy blobs,  
You ho ho and a barrel of pork!

Here comes the Iowa up the bay,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Our politicians all voted "Yea!"  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Out of the budget they pulled this plum,  
Loaded up with plutonium,  
If a missile leaks we all succumb,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

Iowa in her new home base,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Look at the smile on the Mayor's face,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Sinatra and Kelly dance ashore,  
Sales are brisk in every store,  
We'll all get rich in the Third World War,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

Fifteen ships on a filthy sea,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
The jobs come in but the taxes flee,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

How much it costs god only knows,  
The Navy's friends are the fishes' foes,  
The Iowa comes and the Clearwater goes,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

They built this ship to fight the Jap,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Chased Yamato all over the map,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Yamato is sailing to the stars,  
The Russians are trying to go to Mars,  
And all we've got are a thousand tars,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

A thousand tars on the Iowa's decks,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Some of them groggy from dope or sex,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
If a weapons handler begins to sneeze,  
Or drops his load as he scratches fleas,  
Death comes in on the harbor breeze,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

Nuclear bombs in the big ship's hold,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Plutonium is as good as gold,  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!  
Hundreds work while millions quail,  
Support our fleet or go to jail,  
When does the ship for Auckland sail?  
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

As for the obscurer references, a popular Japanese cartoon series has the Yamato raised from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean and built into a starship; the Soviet Union probably is planning a manned landing on Mars for 1992; the Clearwater is a sloop which Pete Seeger and other environmental activists sail around the Hudson River and elsewhere for the purposes of promoting cleaning up the waters; New York City was the setting for a 1940s movie, Wonderful Town, in which Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly played two sailors on shore leave here; and the new Prime Minister of New Zealand refuses to allow nuclear-armed ships to enter port there.

## YESTERFILK

## X. Mademoiselle from Where?

The last installment of this series included a review of Songs My Mother Never Taught Me, a collection of soldier filksongs from World War I. (By that numbering system, the present mess in Central America probably qualifies as "World War 2.8".) The lead-off song was, naturally, "Mademoiselle from Armentières", for which hundreds of verses were coined by bored members of the American Expeditionary Force. ("A. E. F.", which initials often started fights in rear-area Anglophone bars, were sometimes understood as "After England Failed".)

Armentières is a small town in France's northernmost department; its present population is around 40,000. It was heavily fought over in World War I, but it did not originate this song. Ed Cray's The Erotic Muse, the most useful reference work I have found on bawdy songs, traces it back to an old song whose origins could be either German or French. The first to filk it were the Prussians who fought at the battle of Waterloo in 1815, celebrating the fact that they had come up while the English and French were locked in battle, and had turned the tide against Napoleon's forces. The English quickly picked it up, and called it "Snapoo"; this word may be a corruption of the French Je ne peu, "I can't". Two versions of the first verse follow; the second one has obviously been reworked for a war of the present century:

Three Prussian officers crossed the Rhine.  
Snapoo. Snapoo.  
Three Prussian officers crossed the Rhine.  
Snapoo. Snapoo.  
Three Prussian officers crossed the Rhine  
Looking for women and searching for wine.  
Tap-a-tap pater and ban-de-go tater  
And shaker snap peter snapoo.

Three Air Force officers crossed the Rhine.  
Snapoo. Snapoo.  
Three Air Force officers crossed the Rhine.  
Snapoo. Snapoo.  
Three Air Force officers crossed the Rhine  
Looking for women and searching for wine.  
A seven-inch peter and bollocks and all  
And shake a snap peter snapoo.

By World War I this tune had expanded and acquired new words. Aside from the relatively clean verses selected for publication, the best-known one was:

The French they are a funny race,  
Parley-voo!  
The French they are a funny race,  
Parley-voo!

The French they are a funny race.  
They fight with their feet and fuck  
with their face,  
Hinkey dinkey parley-voo!

"Parley-voo" is of course the doughboys' modification of "Parlez-vous français?", words which American soldiers must have heard often from French who despaired of getting the hang of transatlantic speech. The last line before the refrain refers to two items of culture shock which awaited American soldiers in France. "Fight with their feet" might refer to the sport of French foot-boxing, la savate, but more probably describes how the nation which deified la raison behaves when faced with overwhelming enemy force on the battlefield. Instead of patriotically dying to the last man, the poilus often found themselves possessed of a strong determination to visit Oncle Armand in Bordeaux. The other reference probably describes a callow American farm boy's first acquaintance with oral sex.

Songs My Mother Never Taught Me states that American Negro troops never sang "Mademoiselle from Armentières". This is not strictly correct. A few months ago, National Public Radio had a series on black troops in the two world wars. One of their verses went:

Mademoiselle from Armentières,  
Parley-voo!  
Mademoiselle from Armentières,  
Parley-voo!

I'd rather have my high-brown gal  
Than any ma'm'selle from here to Hell,  
Hinkey dinkey parley-voo!

A little-known filk of "Mademoiselle from Armentières" appeared in Sinclair Lewis's 1935 novel It Can't Happen Here, and the way things are going now it might be revived for U. S. forces in Central America. It Can't Happen Here was Lewis's concern about the rise of Fascism in Europe, and the possibility that something of the sort might take place here. In the novel, Lewis assumes that a western Senator, a more sophisticated version of Huey Long, is elected President in 1936 on a platform of populism, anti-Semitism, corporate economics, militarism, racism, and anti-Feminism. As repression gets more and more resented, this regime decides to solidify public opinion behind it by starting a war. Mexico is chosen as the most plausible enemy, and the public is inflamed about a possible Mexican invasion. And, since every war must have its war-songs, a high government official decides he should "encourage the spontaneous generation of these patriotic folk ballads by providing the automatic springing and the anonymous bard". And so "Parlez-vous Français" is replaced by "Habla Usted Español", or, for short, "Habla oo", and we get:

Señorita from Guadalupe,  
Qui usted!  
Señorita go roll your hoop,  
Or come to bed!

Señorita from Guadalupe  
If ~~we're~~ sees us we're in the soup,  
Hinky, dinky, habla oo?

Señorita from Monterey,  
Savvy Yank?  
Señorita what's that you say?  
You're Swede, Ay tank!

But Señorita from Monterey,  
You won't hablar when we hit the hay,  
Hinky, dinky, habla oo?

Señorita from Mazatlán,  
Once we've met,  
You'll smile all over your khaki pan,  
You won't forget!  
For days you'll holler, "Oh, what a man!"  
And you'll never marry a Mexican,  
Hinky, dinky, habla oo?

Only a little modification will be required to fit this inspiration to the next war. Assuming that during its course the U. S. A. will not find it necessary to take on the socialistic government of Mexico, "Monterey" can become "San Jorge" or "Sandy Bay", while "Mazatlán" could be "Metapan" or "Usulutan". And I'm sure something can be found to rhyme with "Tegucigalpa", which G. L. will probably call "The Galloping Goose" anyway. Just to be on the safe side, Lewis's Fascists provide another war-song for the same conflict, to the tune which was originally the mournful anti-war "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye" but since became the joyous "When Johnny Comes Marching Home":

When Johnny comes home from Greaser Land,  
Hurray, hurraw,  
His ears will be full of desert sand,  
Hurray, hurraw,

But he'll speaka de Spiggoty pretty sweet  
And he'll bring us a gun and a senorit',  
And we'll all get stewed when  
Johnny comes marching home!

Managua, Nicaragua will be no problem. If the verses to "The Three Sandinistas" which Greg Baker and I have put into APA-Filk prove for some reason unsuitable, there is always the possibility of re-writing a 1950s pop tune "Managua, Nicaragua".

World War II saw American troops fighting not only in North Africa (where they produced "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte", a song which I am still trying to locate), but also on some World War I battlefields. Pop song-writers tried to wean the men away from bawdy songs by such cleaned-up things as "Eunice from Tunis" (a respectable competitor for Gertie) and "The Daughter of Mademoiselle from Armentières." The best commentary on this latter item was provided, not in music, but by one of Bill Mauldin's deathless cartoons. Willie and Joe are walking through a battered French village, accompanied by a third GI, a skinny youth with a pointed nose and a cowlick. He is saying that his daddy told him some wild stories about this place. All around them are young Frenchmen and -women - skinny, with pointed noses and cowlicks.

Probably some senior officers and career non-coms did renew old acquaintance in such places - pleasantly or unpleasantly as the case may have been. A story is told of an American officer who told his superior that he would just as soon be excused from taking his men through a certain village, as he had made some promises there in 1918

that would be difficult to live up to. The last American invasion of Nicaragua was in 1926, making it rather unlikely that the men sent in the forthcoming invasion will run any such risks. (For the record, U. S. forces invaded Nicaragua in 1909, 1912, 1922, 1925, and 1926, remaining the last time until 1933. The success of the next invasion need not be in doubt; there is no nation that the U. S. A. can be so certain of defeating in battle as Nicaragua.)

But let it not be said that "Mademoiselle from Armentières" is the sole property of the Army. The other forces get into the act too, as I can recall from the version that circulated in my high school nearly 40 years ago:

The first Marine he cooked the beans,  
Parley-voo!

The second Marine he served the beans,  
Parley-voo!

The third Marine he ate the beans  
And blew out the side of the submarine,  
Hinkey dinkey parley-voo!

To Greg Baker, who will certainly be more intimately involved than I, I leave the task of adapting "Mademoiselle from Armentières" to Nicaraguan conditions.

#### THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

As you have probably determined, my financial records were in a mess the last time I published a record of the printing and postage accounts for people to whom I mail APA-Filk. This happened because I had accidentally included those financial records in a bundle of items which I sent to Al Nofi. He eventually returned them, but in their absence I had to make do with not very well educated guesses. This is why most of the balances reported in ANAKREON #25 were too large. The figures below are correct to 5 March 1985. I suspected that some of these people may not yet have received the 25th Mailing owing to the chaos in my records, so from the figures below should be deducted mailing costs for both the 25th and 26th Mailings.

My mistake has led some people to believe that their balances were positive when actually they were negative. This is why some of the current accounts below are listed with negative balances. However, after the publication of the 26th Mailing, all accounts with negative balances will be suspended. Balances as of 4 March 1985 are:

Charles Belov	\$1.98	Mark Richards	99¢
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Roberta Rogow	\$2.52
Sean Cleary	\$9.83	Michael Rubin	\$2.21
Harold Groot	-\$1.55	Kathy Sands	\$16.11
Jordin Kare	\$1.18	Beverly Slayton	\$14.52
J. Spencer Love	\$6.57	Pete Seeger	\$11.78
Randall McDougall	\$4.38	Peter Thiesen	\$17.97
Margaret Middleton	74¢	Paul Willett	\$12.52
Matthew Marcus	\$20.00		

The accounts of Vinnie Bartilucci, Bob Lipton, and Deirdre and Jim Rittenhouse are combined with their APA-Q accounts and are listed there. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Dave Klapoholz	-62¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Dena Mussaf	-87¢		

As of 4 May 1985, and including the cost of mailing this present 26th Mailing, the balance in your account is \_\_\_\_\_. Your account is assessed for postage costs plus 8¢ for the envelope. I can print your contribution to APA-Filk for 1½¢ per sheet per copy if you send it on a mimeograph stencil that can fit on a Gestetner. The copy count for APA-Filk is 50; if you want additional copies for your own local distribution let me know, and I'll send them to you with your copy of the Mailing.

## THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO WAR

by R. Kane Culver

((The publication of this folksong was the occasion of considerable discussion between its author and me. The subject may be easily guessed - I believe that social forces generally tend to overwhelm the particular personalities of individuals, while Culver is a great believer on the impact of the individual on history. I am probably distorting his position when I saw that he thinks World War II wouldn't have happened without Hitler, and he is probably distorting mine when he says I think the individual is irrelevant, or that war occurs by an action of natural law. As you can see from this folksong, Culver believes that the removal of a small number of specifically identified individuals would make a Third World War impossible. Don't bother telling him that he is inciting assassination, or telling me that I believe a Third World War is inevitable; we've both heard it already from each other. - JB))

(Tune: "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More")

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Reagan's dead, they shot him in the head,  
 And they're ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Chernenko lies bleeding in the snow\*  
 And there in't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Maggie's in the Mersey in a concrete jersey,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Zhao Ziyang had his neck made long  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 El Assad is smelling bad,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 What happened to Reagan just happened to Begin,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war,  
 The Ayatollah has a new asshola  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

\* - The perceptive reader will realize that this verse was composed when Konstantin Chernenko was still alive.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Romanov got his head blown off,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Gorbachev was made permanently deaf,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 They got Fidel with a mortar shell,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Saddam Hussein took one in the brain  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Kim Il-sung got a bullet up the bung,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Chun Doo Hwan has a hemp tie on,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Marcos's wife got hold of a knife,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 A cobra's snug in Qaddafi's rug,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 A cliffside push was given to Bush,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Zia el-Haq was stabbed in the back,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 Half of Botha is apart from the otha,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

There ain't gonna be no war, no war,  
 There ain't gonna be no war.  
 D'Aubuisson got spread on the lawn,  
 And there ain't gonna be no war.

#### OVER WHERE?

by R. Kane Culver

(Tune: "Over There")

Over there. Over where?  
 We don't care what's unfair over there.  
 For the Yanks aren't coming,  
 We won't go slumming,  
 We're not succumbing over there.

Over there. Over where?  
 Send no men, send no cash, send no dare.  
 We're sober,  
 We won't go over,  
 And we'll all stay home till it's over,  
 over there.

#### GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a quarterly bulletin of and about folksongs, is published by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It circulates through APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association founded by Bob Lipton, and presently more or less edited by myself. APA-Filk is collated, usually on the first Saturday of each month, at this address. For information about contributing and/or receiving, see "The Ministry of Finance" on page 4. ANAKREON also goes to other people whom I think may be interested in it. This present Mailing, the 26th, will in all probability be assembled on Saturday 4 May 1985. The deadline for the 27th Mailing is Thursday 1 August 1985, and it will probably be assembled and mailed out on 3 August.

Much to my pleased surprise, no contributions came in late for the 25th Mailing, and it went into the mail in due course on Saturday 2 February. I hope matters turn out as well for this present Mailing.

Unless inspiration strikes fairly soon, I am probably only going to have contributions at second hand in this issue. There are the various old filks of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" in the "Yesterfilk" article, and two items by the irrepressible R. Kane Culver on pages 5 and 6. While the quality of his work hasn't improved, at least he shows that he can write filksongs to tunes other than "Rodger Young". With any luck, he may advance to the point where he refuses, as a matter of good taste, to filk anything to either "John Brown's Body" or "The Ash Grove".

APA-Filk Cover #25 (Blackman): Yes, by all means, the 300th anniversary of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach, "who talked with God in mathematics", as Poul Anderson said in one of his stories. Only a little earlier, the admirers of Georg Friedrich Handel celebrated the 300th anniversary of his birth. The 300th anniversary of the birth of Domenico Scarlatti occurs on 26 October, while 23 November marks the 400th anniversary of the death of Thomas Tallis.

In his hilarious collection of cartoons, First Folio, Ed Fisher shows a radio studio, in which an announcer says into the microphone: "You have just heard the Second Brandenburg Concerto performed by Pro Harmonica Antiqua under conditions similar to those prevailing at music festivals in the time of Bach." Behind him a number of musicians are bombed out of their skulls on beer.

Singspiel #25 (Blackman): We have a book containing all Gilbert & Sullivan libretti, unfortunately without scores. It's The Complete Plays of Gilbert and Sullivan (Modern Library, undated).

Filkers Do It Till Dawn VII, #1 (Groot): It's good to hear from you again. I do not believe that "Old Time Computing" will be included in the canon of "That Real Old-Time Religion". And you did include Charles Babbage and Ada Augusta Byron, as the most old-time computers of all. Even as early as that, they illustrated two truths that have stayed with computers ever since: First, that no computer project is ever completed on time, and Second, that computer hackers have very odd life styles.

Jersey Flats #2 (Rogow): You mean that "The Horse-Tamer's Daughter" is so well known that nobody will sing it? Gee, then I guess I'll never get to hear it.

Thanks for the kind words about "Leia Marlene". The inspiration for that one hit me at the 1984 Lunacon. Hopefully I will be as lucky at the 1985 Lunacon, which still lies a week in the future as I type these words. (What with one thing and another, I will probably get this issue of ANAKREON printed up at least a month in advance.)

I generally agree with your view that "there is more to a song than a set of words in a certain meter", and that therefore a filk-song done to one tune should remain with that tune. However, for parodic effects it is sometimes good to have alternative tunes available. There does exist a tune for "The Green Hills of Earth", specifically written for the words that Robert A. Heinlein put into the story of that name. But some west coast fans long ago put Heinlein's words to a Coca-Cola commercial, a legitimate act of parody.

At about the same time as Heinlein wrote "The Green Hills of Earth", Theodore Sturgeon wrote "Thunder and Roses", for which a tune also existed. However, it seems to have dropped out of the repertory of contemporary s-f fans. The story took place just after the U. S. had been badly mauled in an atomic war, and was mulling over a retaliation that would probably make the planet uninhabitable. "Thunder and Roses" was part of a campaign designed to prevent this. Of course, no one will admit that the story or the song has any relevance for our own times.

I rather doubt that "Amazing Grace" is sung, or piped, at Scottish funerals. For that, the pipe tune is traditionally the mournful "Flowers of the Forest". At the first SCA revels after John W. Campbell's death, Carl Frederick piped "The Flowers of the Forest" in his memory.

"Chandler's Tales" is wonderful. It's a pity that Chandler never got a chance to hear it.

Beyond the Last Visible Dog #5 (Bartilucci): Congratulations on getting published by Off Centaur!

One Balticon a number of people, including myself, contributed verses to a filksong about room crashing during conventions. It was to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman." I think Fred Kuhn knows the words.

In the Key of Off (Kaufman): If an adult male is castrated, I greatly doubt that the operation would shorten his vocal chords so that he'd start singing like a cas-trato of the old days. Back in the days when choirboys could have lifetime careers, the management was careful to call for the knife before the lad got too old.

"Ninety-nine little blue Smurfs on the wall" shows appropriate feelings towards the beasts, but will never replace Vinnie's Smurf song. And I still prefer:

Alef-Null bottles of beer on the wall, alef-null bottles of beer,  
If one of those bottles should happen to fall, alef-null bottles of  
beer on the wall..

(One continues until forcibly suppressed).

#### GRACELESS NOTES

There are a few corrections and additions that have to be made to the material printed on p. 4 as "The Ministry of Finance". These emendations are:

J. Spencer Love	\$5.95	Peter Thiesen	\$17.35
Glenn Simser	\$5.00	Paul Willett	\$11.90

\*

This, to the best of my recollection, is the first time a verse of an ANAKREON filksong has been rendered obsolete by events while it was in the press. To be precise, the verses on pp. 5-6 arrived on a Tuesday, were put on stencil on Friday, and printed on Saturday. I put the footnote on p. 5 just to cover all possibilities. And, on the very next day, Chernenko died. The verses on Gorbachev and Romanov went in because they were the most frequently mentioned candidates for the succession. (More sober observers have expressed their doubts that, no matter what his qualifications were, the Soviet Union would elevate to its leadership any man named "Romanov.")

\*

I have just turned up in my files a clipping from the New York Daily News of 6 November 1978, concerning the notorious "Mademoiselle from Armentières". The 60th anniversary of Armistice Day\* was celebrated by a World War I drum and bugle corps's survivors, who traveled from Detroit with a trip to France. "Eleven members of the corps, along with their wives, a doctor\*\* and other escorts, will attend a welcoming ceremony at Armentières...A brief corps concert will include a spirited rendition of that ditty from the War - 'Mademoiselle from Armentières.' Oral Lacombe, 82, the leader of the band, hoped the original "Mademoiselle" would come out. "She'll be a little long in the tooth by now, but what the hell, so am I."

\*

In ANAKREON #23 I printed my "Sun Myung Moon is Coming to Town", to the tune "Santa Claus is Coming to Town". The New York Times of 10 April 1985 carried the obituary of John Frederick Coots, 87, who wrote the music for "Santa Claus is Coming to Town", as well as music for over a dozen Broadway shows.

\*

\* - That's what the news report called it. However, it is now called Veterans' Day, on the grounds that the armistice didn't last very long, but veterans just seem to go on and on. Also, most of the people who celebrate this day don't seem to care much for armistices, but want there to be lots and lots more veterans.

\*\* - If they're taking their wives along, then I rather doubt they'll need the services of the doctor ~~even if~~ they do find Mademoiselle - or should we now call her "Madame"?

Lunacon, on the weekend of 15-17 March 1985, was a very enjoyable filking con. In fact, I did practically nothing but filk, except for one disastrous panel during which a number of people said fatuous things about the prospects for carrying nuclear war into space. (Neither the panelists nor anyone else in the room is ever going to have the opportunity to present an effective opinion on this matter.)

Most of the filksinging was done in the evening parties. It was at one of them that I renewed acquaintance with Mary Lou Lacefield, a fan from Louisville whom I had previously met as she passed through New York City a couple of years ago. Mary Lou had with her a small portable synthesizer, and set it up to play a new, very simple tune of considerable flexibility, and challenged people to find new verses for it. She recorded her own verses, and those which people at the filksinging session invented off the tops of their heads. The song is called "Just When You Thought It Was Safe". The first line is always repeated three times, to the tune played by the synthesizer. You then put in an appropriate fourth line, which doesn't have to rhyme with anything, and need only approximate the meter. If no one has a verse, the tune comes 'round again on the synthesizer, and maybe by then someone has thought of something.

Mary Lou recorded verses as they were sung, though throughout Lunacon she had trouble with a balky tape recorder, and sometimes people were asked to repeat their verses. I am hoping she'll send me a copy, so I can put "Just When You Thought It Was Safe" into the next ANAKREON.

Vinnie Bartilucci was at the first session, together with a young lady whose name I didn't catch, and who had some abilities as a filksinger. She sang a piece of her own composition: "Nerds Turn Me On". At the second session, Saturday night, an SCA troubadour sang some recent hits from that mediaevalist organization, as well as delivering himself of some of the most gods-awful puns I've ever heard.

I don't know when the tapes will arrive from Mary Lou, since the mails seem to go very slowly for tapes. As she is blind, the words to "Just When You Thought It Was Safe" will have to come in a mailing box for tapes rather than in a letter. And, since the U. S. Postal "Service" lets such material travel free, it apparently doesn't feel obligated to speed them along. About 10 days after Lunacon, I sent one tape-letter to Mary Lou, and another to Ed Meskys in New Hampshire. Ed later told me that his tape took three weeks to reach him. And I still haven't heard from Mary Lou.

Fortunately, APA-Filk deadlines are three months apart.

\*

On page 1 of this present issue, I refer to the Sinatra-Kelly film, set in New York City, as "Wonderful Town". Perdita, a retired movie usher, furnished me with this information. She later informed me that she'd got the title slightly wrong; the film was actually called On the Town. Unfortunately, by the time she told me I had already printed page 1.

\*

The New York Daily News of 11 January 1985 announced that on that date an enormous 10-day, \$11,000,000 rock festival began at Rio de Janeiro. About a quarter million fans a night were expected "on a grassed enclosure the size of 13 soccer fields", with a 70 kilowatt sound system. The most interesting thing about this extravaganza was the fact that its promoters were calling it "the Woodstock of capitalism".

This may come as a surprise to people who knew anything about the original Woodstock festival back in 1969. None of the highly paid entertainers who participated in that blow-out could reasonably be called "socialistic". However, this may have something to do with the claims made in New Guard, the official organ of Young Americans for Feudalism\*, that punk rock is an essentially conservative art form.

Groups who performed at this Brazilian blow-out included AC-DC, Iron Maiden, Queen, the Go-Go's, the B-52's, the Scorpions, and one with the succinct name "Yes". Any bets that, by the end of next year, at least three members of these groups will have died of drug overdoses, and one will have either committed or been the victim of a murder?

\*

(contin ed on p. 12)

\* - Or some such name.

## EVERYBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET INTO THE ACT

We APA-Filk members are vastly mistaken if we think we are the only source of filk around these days. Frequently an effort of filk gets into the popular press. A recent target was the song "We Are the World" - which is not, as you might suspect at first glance, a duet which President Reagan and President Gorbachev are going to sing at their forthcoming "summit" meeting. According to David Hinckley's column in the New York Daily News of 11 April 1985, one Monica Lynch filked "We Are the World" this way:

## We Are the Bronx

There comes a time  
When rock stars come out to shine  
When they know that shedding tears  
Is good for their careers  
Well, we asked if we could sing  
They said, "You ain't that big  
If you're gonna sing for those without  
You must have clout."

We are the Bronx  
We are just chillin'  
We are the ones that they forgot about  
When they got Bob Dylan  
There are voices more renowned  
More famous than our own  
They're the ones that people wanna see  
On MTV.

Well, they brought in The Boss  
And they got Diana Ross  
But they couldn't find the Prince a mike  
To match his height  
Kenny Rogers couldn't get down

'Cause he ain't from uptown  
Homeboys that got the juice  
Don't hand with Huey Lewis.

We are the Bronx  
We are just rappin'  
We know that we can take care of our own  
Without the Jacksons  
Bein' "Born in the USA"  
Ain't like takin' the double-A  
We know that we can reach our goal  
Without Billy Joel.

We are the Bronx  
We're down with Zulu  
We'd like to save this starvin' "Planet  
Rock"  
We know that you do  
Money and big names  
Are not our claim to fame  
We may not be as big as y'all  
But we're down by law!

As you may need to be told by this time next year, "We Are the World" was a song done in chorus as a rock-video number by just about every major popular singer except a pompous ass who goes by the name of "Prince", and who will stump them all in Trivial Pursuit by 1987. Proceeds are supposed to go to Ethiopia to relieve a famine there; meantime the Ethiopian government is exporting food! And, since Ethiopia has a Communist government which is using the food distribution to reward its friends and punish its enemies, things may get a little rough for contributors to this famine relief plan during the next hot political campaign. Out-of-towners probably have to be told that the Bronx is the most poverty-stricken of New York City's five boroughs. "Double-A" refers to the AA train - which doesn't even go to the Bronx!

Still, "We are the Bronx" is relatively harmless parody next to "We Are the Weird". This one, whose text I have not seen, came from a Dallas Times Herald columnist named John Bloom, who writes under the name "Joe Bob Briggs". Bloom/Briggs's parody had some racist references which offended black leaders, and after numerous protests and a meeting between the newspaper's editor and the protesters resulted in the dropping of the column.

A more enduring target of satire is that generation/career group variously called Yuppies (Young Urban Professionals) and Yumpies (Young Upwardly Mobile Professionals). These seem to be people of 30 plus or minus 5 years of age, who have abandoned the political concerns of their older siblings the ex-Hippies, and are solely concerned with advancing their careers, keeping physically fit, avoiding emotional involvement with people or causes, and seducing one another in "fern bars".

People like this could not expect to escape being satirized in filksongs, nor have they done so. Mike Royko, in his New York Daily News column of 18 March 1985, plugs the following item by an Angelino named Richard Levinson:

### Yuppie Love

We both work in PR  
and we both have VCRs  
And drive our German cars  
to the same gym.  
Since we both love sushi bars  
When I got my new credit card  
I asked him to help me break it in...

But they tell us it's only Yuppie Love  
It won't last very long, they say.  
But if this is only Yuppie Love,  
Why do I feel this way?  
And call his service 20 times a day.

The way he power-lunches  
confirms my fondest hunches.  
Our hearts are dressing for success.  
I love my life style, and he fits it.  
We're busy but time permits it,  
We'll pencil in true happiness...

But they tell us it's only Yuppie Love  
It won't last very long, they say.  
But if this is only Yuppie Love,  
Why do I feel this way?  
I meet him for drinks almost every day...

And we're both in the same tax bracket,  
And we both love to play racquetball  
together.

Over stuffed spinach pizza  
he told me he feels  
He's ready to sign a longer-term deal.  
So we went to my lawyer,  
because we're both vehement  
That we must have a prenuptial agreement.

So you take this man to be your  
lawfully wedded support system,  
For richer or richer, in therapy or health,  
For as long as you both feel good  
about it?

My accountant has reviewed it  
and the answer is, I do...

Royko does not include the tune, though he says "the music isn't anything remarkable. It's sort of a lively 1960s popular-rock style, but it won't make anyone forget the Beatles. On the other hand, it won't give you a migraine."

And is composer Levinson himself a Yuppie? Royko asked him. "I don't think so," he replied. "I still call a croissant a crescent roll."

Among my older LPs is a collection of folk songs sung by Joe Glazer. So it is not too surprising that he is marketing a new album, Jellybean Blues, that satirizes the policies and views of Our President. (New York Times, 6 October) One verse goes:

Who put the fox in charge of the chickens  
And how come the inmates are running the jail.  
And who put Dracula in charge of the blood bank  
And how come Captain Ahab is guarding the big white whale?

But Our President has his supporters among filksingers also. Jerry Follo of Staten Island spent \$20,000 to go to Dallas and plug his song "Dear Mr. President" at last summer's Republican National Convention.\* The first verse goes:

Dear Mr. President, sir, how are you?  
I was writing you this letter  
So I thought I'd sing it too  
I just would like to thank you

For the job that you have done  
And for making Russia understand  
That we're still No. 1.

But this was abandoned by America's Party in favor of a more professionally written and produced song called "God Bless the U. S. A.". This became the campaign theme

\* - "Republican Party" is the former name of the political association that there re-named itself "America's Party".

song, and was the background music for the campaign film shown to the delegates. The words are:

If tomorrow all the things were gone  
I've worked for all my life,  
And I had to start again  
With just my children and my wife,  
I'd thank my lucky stars to be living  
here today,  
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom,  
And they can't take that away.

And I'm proud to be an American.  
And I'm proud to be an American  
Where at least I know I'm free,  
And I won't forget the men who died  
Who gave that right to me.  
And there ain't no doubt I love this  
place.  
God Bless the U. S. A.

(Marcia Kramer, New York Daily News, 20 August 1984; Peter W. Kaplan, New York Times, 21 August 1984) The film was a montage of shots: the President, flag-raisings, ethnic mixtures, the President, a baby with a U. S. flag, Americans saluting, the President at the coffin of a Marine killed in Lebanon, another flag, another baby, the President, the White House, the Statue of Liberty complete with scaffold, and the President. "The singer has the tough, sentimental identity that the male singers in beer advertisements have had for the last few years."

New York's local conversation piece, the gun-happy vigilante Bernhard Götz, also has his own folksong. (Hank Gallo, New York Daily News, 19 April 1985) Otto von Wernherr sang the following verse at a subway station near Götz's apartment:

Of course, von Wernherr may not be the sort of supporter that Götz and his admirers want. He was star of Liquid Sky, one of the strangest films ever to appear. Most of the roles are epicene, gay, cokeheads, or all three - and these are the Good Guys!

Von Wernherr wrote "The Saga of Bernhard Götz" along with Jay Fitzsooth and Robert Brady. It is allegedly "not pro-Götz or anti-Götz. It's tongue in cheek. We leave enough room to cover everybody's feelings." Lines include "I didn't really have to shoot, I really didn't give a hoot."

Bernie, Bernie, Bernie,  
The jury is out  
Now you can tell us  
What it's really all about.

#### GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 9)

In addition to APA-Filk, this issue of ANAKREON is going to selected subscribers to my science-fiction fanzine DAGON whom I think might be interested in it, and to a few other people. Opinions are solicited. Contributions in the form of songs are desperately begged.

#### ANAKREON #26

John Boardman  
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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

## ISOSCAN 1

*Matthew A. Marcus*

### First Temple of the Noisy Children of Eris

This is the first of a new zine, called Isoscan. The name is a term I made up to refer to two songs which have the same scansion, and hence may be sung to each other's tunes. Examples: Foo(ue)l to Feed the Drive  $\Leftrightarrow$  God Lives on Terra; Green Hills of Earth  $\Leftrightarrow$  Gilligan's Island theme. Isoscans are handy because they allow someone who can't read music to have a crack at singing a version of a song whose words are known to him, but whose music isn't. Knowing isoscans for various tunes also allows weird and wonderful transformations, such as those exemplified in God's Fuel, which is mostly a demo of the first isoscan pair I mentioned, and funny too.

This zine will mostly be a vehicle for allowing me to air (Won't someone open up the window!?) some filksongs I can't dispose of some other way. It also allows me to receive APA-FILK, and get everybody else's songs. BTW, I won't follow the policy I tried in MENTAT of refusing to write LOCs on LOCs. It's not worth it. Anyway, here's a couple of filksongs:



Take the Bonnie Ship the A-Train  
(Tune: Bonnie Ship the Diamond, aka 4 2 B a Privateer)

When I was just a youngster,  
And tokens half-a-buck.  
I rode the subways every day,  
Trusting to my luck.  
They say the gods protect a fool, I guess it must be so,  
From all the years I rode the lines, I've not a wound to show.

Chorus:

And it's cheer up, me lads, let your hearts never fuss,  
When you take the New York subway - more exciting than  
the bus.

Here's a health to those who set the paths  
Topologists of note,  
Here's a health to the politicians,  
A-grubbing for your vote.  
To all who keep the cars on-line, come raise your glasses high.  
If you can stand to work in there, you must be Uruk-Hai.

Chorus: (even-# verses)

And it's cheer up, me lads, let your hearts never fuss,  
When you take the NY subway, so much faster than the bus.

\*\*\*\*\*WARNING: READ THIS VERSE ONLY IF YOU THINK GOETZ IS THE GREATEST\*\*\*\*/

A brave young man once rode the rails,  
When four thugs came to him;  
Three possessed slim blades of steel.  
His prospects looked quite grim.  
They drew their weapons fearsomly, he drew his weapon too,  
Our Hero stopped the punk's careers, with bullets sure and true.

\*\*\*\*\*WARNING: READ THIS VERSE ONLY IF YOU AGREE WITH DAUTRY AND JACKSON\*\*\*/

Four innocent young men there were,  
Just having them some fun.  
Asked for some money from a man,  
They didn't see his gun.  
The man went gonzo-bonkers; he shot them in the back.  
The subway is a scary place, especially if you're black.

The climate in those caves of steel  
Is weird in every way.  
The air bears strange effluvia,  
It's humid every day.  
Stalactites from the ceiling hang, oozing odd green slime.  
The life to follow Man is there, created from the grime.

As you might guess, that one was inspired by a subway ride. Stuff that happens in real life is a great source of filk ideas. Here's another filk, which I started to write while attending a physics conference:



Few Days  
Tune: Few Days

I can't stay at this conference long  
Few days, few days  
I cannot take this conference long  
and I am falling asleep.

The speaker is a bloody bore  
Few days, few days  
He gave the same talk thrice before,  
and I am falling asleep.

In thick-accented monotones  
Few days, few days  
He drones and drones and drones and drones  
so I am falling asleep.

He reads verbatim from his text  
Few days, few days  
What tortures will he think up next?  
And I am falling asleep.

I fidget and compose this rhyme,  
Few days, few days  
He's twenty minutes over time,  
And I am falling asleep.

Oh, please excuse the way I lean,  
Few days, few days  
There's heads between me and the screen  
and I am falling asleep.

The slide's in upside-down, reversed.  
Few days, few days  
For minutes, the projectionist's cursed.  
but I am falling asleep.

That slide's now caught up in the works  
Few days, few days  
Resisting all our tugs and jerks  
so I am falling asleep.

The slide projector's bulb went dead  
Few days, few days  
They'll pass the slides around instead  
And I am falling asleep.

It's 85 inside this hall  
Few days, few days  
No thermostat upon the wall  
So I am falling asleep.

The overhead projector's drone



Few days, few days  
Is quite a soporific tone  
So I am falling asleep.

Oh yes, a reprint, you I'll send  
Few days, few days  
Real soon; perhaps by decade's end.  
And I am falling asleep.

Awards events they say are fun  
Few days, few days  
This may be true if you've just won,  
but I am falling asleep.

Science is Man's greatest joy,  
Few days, few days  
And if you believe that, then oh boy.  
But I am falling asleep.

Well, that's all for this time. See you whenever!



# Momus' Phiz

(formerly QWXb!!! in Apa-Filk)



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## A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

I suppose that I ought to explain why I wasn't in the February collation after making such a fuss in the November collation. I was hit with four straight weeks of National Guard duty into February. There. Dulce et decorum est pro patria scribi.

In March, I made my debut at the Speakeasy's Monday night open-mike session. For those of you who don't know what this is, it's a session where anyone can walk in, sign the roster and sing. I was #34, so I debuted about midnight. This has to be one of the most nerve-racking nights I have ever experienced. I sang "Three Sandinistas" without much response, and "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life" with applause. Since then I have revamped the lyrics.

A Parcel of Rogues, the band I formed with Lisa Osterman and Fred Coulter (a.k.a. Coulter Club if you don't care how long you live) will debut July 6 at Empiricon. We are opening for The Bermuda Triangle. Be prepared for a different experience. The story of my sensations will be told in the August collation.

We've been practicing a long time for this show. We started rehearsing in October, building a repertoire, learning new instruments, improving techniques, and getting better each time. Since Fred likes Pink Floyd and Genesis and I like Willie Nelson and Stan Rogers, this has led to some interesting discussions. Lisa O. likes Renaissance and folk tunes, so we compromise a lot.

Right now, A Parcel of Rogues rehearses twice a week, on Friday and Sunday. If the rehearsal is delayed due to one of my drills, we rehearse on Monday. This is the key to good music.

(Incidentally, John, you can't call me a second looie anymore. My promotion orders came through. If the gods smile on me, I might be the first in my class to make captain.) *-and if they grow I'll be Supply Officer again.*

I tried to write music, but the tunes were coming too late to write down. I'll send a tape on request.

*Carthago delendra est,  
Greg*



ADMIRAL KIRK OF THE ENTERPRISE  
by Gregory Baker  
Music: "Captain Jinks"

1. I'm Admiral Kirk of the Enterprise,

I'm handsome, brave, gallant, and wise (gall-ont, as in French)

I'm a popular man, you might surmise,

But not with the staff of the Star Fleet!

I did a very silly thing, silly thing, silly thing,

I did a very silly thing,

I stole my ship from the Star Fleet!

CHORUS: I'm Admiral Kirk of the Enterprise,

I cut the Klingons down to size,

I'm one of your popular type of guys,

But not with the staff of the Star Fleet!

2. When we were putting paid to Khan  
My loyal friend, named Spock, passed on  
But yet his memory lingered on.

You try telling that to the Star Fleet!

Spock left a little mental note, mental note, mental note,  
In the mind of Dr. McCoy Spock wrote  
But no carbon copy for Star Fleet!

CHORUS

3. My crew is loyal and has no fears.

They followed my plan with smiles, not tears.

Compared to my word, what's a few careers?

We borrowed a ship from the Star Fleet!

When we left Earth, the admirals cried, the admirals cried, the  
admirals cried,

When we left Earth the admirals cried,

"Why, that's the curse of the Star Fleet!"

CHORUS

4. Of course, I saved my Vulcan friend  
And there the story ought to end

But losing a ship which they didn't lend  
Makes grumpy folk of the Star Fleet.

As so accountants all did shout, all did shout, all did shout,  
"It's better not to kick him out,  
He owes too much to the Star Fleet!"

I'm Admiral Kirk and I'm proud to say  
They docked the cost of the ship from pay  
I might settle up on the millionth day,  
For I owe cash to the Star Fleet!



# THE SHUTTLE TRUCK DRIVING BLUES

by Gregory Baker

Well, NASA sent a Senator up.

Was a pretty smart thing to do.

There weren't enough monkeys to go around  
So they put a Senator on the crew.  
Now I don't mind if a senator goes  
If it gives NASA bang for the buck,  
But the way the space program's going,  
The Shuttle's just a giant truck.

## CHORUS

Driving a truck into orbit  
Driving a truck for "Ace"  
Catching a Shuttle for the eight o'clock flight  
To get to another place  
We all used to sit on needles and pins  
When the flights were to win the race  
But thanks to the Shuttle the astronaut corps  
Get to be truck drivers in space.

The flights I watched as a little boy  
Used to be a big affair  
The T.V. said what was the juice they drank  
And what was the brand of their underwear  
But now we see a twenty-second bite  
Of news if we get any luck  
It's a dirty shame, but it's part of the game,  
The Shuttle's just a giant truck.

## CHORUS

Now Sally and Judy and Kathy and Bob  
Are pretty neat folks, I know.  
And I hope that their geosynch satellites  
With orbit up when the signal says "Go"  
And I hope that the arm from Canada  
Grabs things and doesn't get stuck  
But most of all I hope for the crew  
There's fun in driving that truck.

## CHORUS

$\frac{2}{4}$  C/ C/ C/ C/ F/ Dm/ G/G  
G/ G/ G/ G/ G7/ G7/ G7/G7/  
C/ C/ C/ C/ F/ Dm/ G/ G  
G/ G/ G7/ G7/ G7/G7/C/C

This is a talking-blues number



L I T A T U M AGA L Y by Gregory Baker  
To the tune of "On the Road Again" by Willie Nelson

I'm a toad again!

That old witch made me a toad again!

And now my life has been a lily-padded bog  
Looks like I will be facing life a frog.

I'm a toad again!

Eating insects à la mode again!

My financial problems have been fouled up since  
Gee, it's hard to be an enchanted Prince!

I'm a toad again!

And my life is just a lily-padded highway

If I had a chance

I would hop aboard a jumbo jet and fly-way

Going my way?

I'm a toad again!

Dodging Volvos on the road again!

Kiss me, Princess, and I'll give you all my land

I'll be Prince again and I'll join my band!

### THE BOOKWORMS' BALL by Gregory Baker

Come on, baby, let's go get some dough!

I've got the perfect place for us to go!

We'll get on the Number Two train

And get off in Brooklyn, which I'll now explain

At Grand Army they're selling books in

Volumes that you want to sink your hooks in

What do you say? Are you going my way?

We're going to the Bookworm's Ball!

Bookworm party is the style this year!

You bring the pizza and I'll bring the bheer!

We'll fill shopping bags and we'll fill carts

In numbers that would break our mothers' hearts

I read Forester and you have Clarke

We'll keep reading 'til the dawn kills dark

What do you say? Are you going my way?

We're going to the Bookworm's Ball!



## THE BOOKWORM'S BALL (CONTINUED)

Look at all the books put out to see  
You take some and leave the rest for me  
Mark is busy buying Asimovs  
He's got the entire set!  
I have histories of World War Two  
Seen through the eyes of a tugboat crew  
Science fiction, mysteries, politics, histories  
Going at the Bookworm's Ball

Bookworms lugging things to their cars  
Masses large enough for neutron stars  
Everyone is happy - all are jolly  
Deck the halls with boughs of holly!  
Some have boxes and some have bags  
Off to Rivendell before the subway sags  
We'll read through the year? Are you  
coming, my dear  
We're going to the Bookworm's Ball!

### CHORDS

$\frac{2}{4}$  C / C / C / C / C / C / C / C /  
F / E / C / C / D / D / G / G7      - a letter / slash  
C / C / C / C / C / C / C / C /  
D / D7 / C / A / G / G7 / C / C  
is a beat





## Meanwhile, in the uptown world . . .

By DAVID HINCKLEY

UNLESS YOU'RE IN the habit of knocking puppy dogs, Mozart and carrot cake—in other words, unless you have a Howard Stern complex—you probably haven't been knocking "We Are the World." For a song with that many rock 'n' roll singers, it's got a remarkably clean image. Which isn't very American, when you think about it. In America, there is nothing so moving, tragic or solemn we don't say something irreverent about it.

One of the few groups not represented in the smorgashbord of singers on "World" is the street music crowd. Monica Lynch, vice president of New York's Tommy Boy label, says she suggested Afrika Bambaataa, but there was no room at the inn. So o-o-o-o, she wrote her own. It's not that she has anything against the goal of "We Are the World," she says, but, well, there's just another side here. "This should slam dunk the funk," is the way she puts it. In part, it goes like this:

## 'We Are The Bronx'

There comes a time  
When rock stars come out to shine  
When they know that shedding tears  
Is good for their careers  
Well, we asked if we could sing  
They said "You ain't that big.  
If you're gonna sing for those without  
You must have clout."  
We are the Bronx  
We are just chillin'  
We are the ones that they forgot about  
When they got Bob Dylan  
There are voices more renowned  
More famous than our own  
They're the ones that people wanna see  
On MTV.

Well, they brought in The Boss  
And they got Diana Ross  
But they couldn't find the Prince a  
mike

To match this height

Kenny Rogers couldn't get down

'Cause he ain't from uptown  
Homeboys that got the juice  
Don't hang with Huey Lewis.

We are the Bronx  
We are just rappin'

We know that we can take care of our  
own  
Without the Jacksons.

Bein' "Born in the USA"  
Ain't like takin' the double-A

We know that we can reach our goal  
Without Billy Joel.

We are the Bronx  
We're down with Zulu

We'd like to save this starvin' "Planet  
Rock"

We know that you do  
Money and big names

Are not our claim to fame  
We may not be as big as y'all

But we're down by law!

WE ARE THE BRONX is submitted to APA-NYU and APA-FILK for May 1985 by Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, who lives not in the Bronx but in Brooklyn (though he prefers to set mail at P.O. Box 1252, Bowline Green Station, New York, New York 10274), who has heard "We Are the World" as much as he needs to, and who is glad to see that in the field of songs parodies, a/k/a "filk", the words of Bob Dylan still hold true, that "It's easy to see without looking too far that not much is really sacred." This article appeared in the New York Daily News of Thursday 11 April 1985 and is reproduced here without further comment. This is a publication of Quick Brown Fox Press, in conjunction with Lobsachevsky Research Associates and Syscrash Programmers, all subsidiaries of Thisamajis Incorporated, and is copyright (c)1985 by Marc S. Glasser, except the clippings itself which is copyright (c)1985 by the New York News. Share and enjoy!



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**Issue #5, for APA-Filk #26, 5/85**

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SOPFNEN is "Son Of Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non", where "Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non" (referred to as PFNEN in general) is my monthly West Coast filkzine. PFNEN is currently up to issue #41 (04/27/85) with issue #42 due out 05/18/85 and issue #43 due out 06/22/85.

Subscriptions and all back issues are still available. See the flyer outlining issues #1-#34 in APA-Filk #24, and/or send a SASE for information on issues #35-#41.

This is another "what can I slap together in an hour or less" version of SOPFNEN, just to let you all know that we're alive out here on the West Coast. Thank the powers that be for word processors and the fidelity of floppy discs.

Life continues to be considerably heavy on the interesting side, making wonder which Chinese I insulted and how badly. (Marie Lim is checking into this for me.) In brief, there was chairing ConChord II in March, a car accident & subsequent chiropractic adventures in December, a change of address just a week before ConChord, job hunting, etc...

So I continue to run behind schedule on all promises and works in progress. However, the light at the end of the tunnel can now be seen -- at least, there's something up there. The zine is (as of when I collate this last box of stuff) back on schedule (see below) and the back issues which sold out at LACon last September (i.e., ALL of them) have now been reprinted. Work is progressing on the ConChord II post-con songbook ("From The Cockpit II") and it should be out for Baycon (Memorial Day).

Tackling the explanation and updating on all of those various projects one at a time:

PFNEN comes out at the monthly meetings of the Los Angeles Filkers Anonymous (LAFA) meetings. This is mainly due to the fact that better than half of the issues go to people at those gettogethers, and having them come out there saves postage and hassles all around.

After missing the September issue when Steven was born, the October issue came out OK, as did November. But the December LAFA meeting was at our house just a week after the car accident, so the December issue got put off. It got put off all the way to the January LAFA meeting, at which point the plan was to have both #37 and #38 come out in January. Only #37 made it.

This set up two months of trying to get caught up. The January issue (#38) came out at the February LAFA meeting, and then when I honestly thought that both #39 and #40 would come out in March, the flu struck, and I not only didn't get the issues out (two months behind now -- keeping track?), but I missed my first LAFA meeting in over four years.

Such is life. A goodly push in the last two weeks got issues #39, #40, and #41 all to the brink of being done. Only #39 actually got printed and collated in time for the 4/27 LAFA meeting, but #40 and #41 now just need collation and stuffing into the proper envelopes, so those of you who are contributors and/or subscribers should have them by the time you read this.

From this point we see if we can stay on schedule again for a couple of years.

Then there's the "Gang Of Fifteen". These are the long-suffering souls who had ordered full or nearly-full sets of PFNEN's at or just after LACon, when we sold out of just about everything on the first day.

At that time I was blissfully (as in ignorantly -- the two really are synonymous) saying that all thirty-odd back issues of PFNEN would be reprinted in "two to four weeks". Hah!

Steven came, etc...

So here we are, eight full months later.

The good news is that they finally all really, really have been reprinted. I have boxes sitting here on my desk, and those patient souls will finally be rewarded. If you're in that group (Hi, Marc!) you should be getting your order within the week if you haven't gotten it already.

If you aren't in that group but have been waiting until the back issues were actually reprinted, now's the time to act.

I'll say a few words about ConChord itself in a moment. First however, a note on "From The Cockpit II".

We're looking for material for this songbook now, with a deadline of May 20th. (The original deadline was April 15th, but response so far has been underwhelming.)

We're looking first of all for general interest filksongs, the kind that go into here, PFNEN, Kantele, Westerfilk, etc...

Secondly, we're looking for songs written specifically for a story outline which was passed out at ConChord and is now being sent out also to all of the Filk Foundation members. You can find a copy (blue paper) attached.

We'd like to see some response from the APA-Filkers in either area, primarily because most of you don't live on the West Coast, most of the material we have so far for FTC2 is from West Coast filkers, and we'd like the thing to have as much diversity in both style and geographic representation as we can.

(PFNEN needs stuff constantly for the same reasons, so even if you can't hit the 5/20/85 deadline for FTC2, keep PFNEN in mind, please.)

ConChord itself remains a blurry spot on my memory, even more so than LACon is/was/has been. I quite honestly spent less than two hours or so actually in the filking that I can recall, although I had video and audio setup running constantly, so I've gotten to see and hear most of it after the fact.

I won't try to go into a blow by blow, song by song rundown of events. (That will be in FTC2, primarily because I keep

wishing that someone would do it for the filkcons I can't get to, and we've got a lot of supporting and FF members who are in that situation.) But I can point out the things that stuck in my mind (sort of like Velcro and cat fur...), with the warning that as chairman I have an obviously biased viewpoint. I look forward to seeing what others of you who were there (like Vinnie and Jordin) have to say about the con.

I started the con with a major disappointment. I had put a lot of work into the Program Book, transcribing Clif Flynt's songs, putting together what I considered a really neat package. My printing equipment then promptly died twenty-four hours before the con, just as I was beginning the final print run.

This left me PO'd to no small extent, but I was told by numerous people not to worry, since no one would pay any attention to it until after the con anyway. This being true, it was simply decided to stick it all in FTC2 and carry on.

(Fair warning time: I'm intending to make FTC2 the best thing that Philk Press has ever done, and it's getting to be a bit of a crusade. If I get carried away, feel free to beat me in the face with a dead fish until I calm down.)

Clif Flynt and Mary Ellen Wessels got in on Thursday with no problem, and we got the con kicked off in late afternoon on Friday. We were at the Sheraton La Reina Plaza, just a block from Los Angeles International Airport, so access was real easy for both the locals and those coming in from out of town.

The hotel was marvelous to us throughout the weekend. I've worked cons before, and these people went overboard to be nice to us. I can't recall a single bad incident in dealing with the hotel, and after the hotel problems that some of the small (and big) cons on the West Coast have had, that was a blessing.

Our rooms were a long way from the sleeping rooms, out in the ballroom in the new wing. The advantage was that we were a long way from all of the mundanes also, so we didn't bother them and vice versa. In addition, outside of our half ballroom we had a huge lobby area, larger than our ballroom itself. Normally shared by all of the meeting rooms and ballrooms surrounding it, we had it all to ourselves 99% of the time, and thus got a second (and sometimes it acted like a third and fourth) meeting space.

Friday night was the One-Shot concert, the chance for anyone and everyone to do the one special song that they wanted to spotlight. Bayfilk II started this idea last year and it worked real well for them. For us it fizzled a bit.

The problem was that there were few people at the con when we had planned to start the One-Shot concert, at 7:00 PM. Most of the local people were out on the freeways somewhere, trying to get to us, and a lot of the out-of-towners had later flights or were driving in from the Bay Area or San Diego.

The upshot of this was that we ended up putting the One-Shot concert off for an hour, then shanghaiing people as they came in the door to get on stage. It worked -- we kept people on stage and everyone who wanted to perform got to, but instead of having one performer on stage, a second "on deck", and a third tuning in the hallway, there were a number of times when we had someone on stage, a second person dumping luggage in their room and running like hell to get downstairs before the first person finished singing, and the third person trying to find a parking spot so that they could dump their luggage and run like hell...

After that we went into "chaos" mode. There is no way to keep everyone happy -- I'll pontificate on that at a later date.

What we did was get people that we trusted, and ordained them as "demighods", with yellow baseball hats proclaiming their titles to the world. Then we gave all members a set of color coded cards, for "I've Got A Good One" (a specific performance piece ready whenever the demighod was ready), "I Can Bottom That" (for followers), "Any Time At All" (for the performers with big repertoires, who can come up with something at any time on ten seconds' notice), "I Wanna Hear" (for requests), and "All Together Now" (for a request of a group song).

Demighods (only one or two to the room at a time) were the referees, keeping the singing going, preserving or killing the mood as necessary, trying to make sure that the performers got their share of the spotlight, along with the requests and the group songs, making sure that the neos didn't get left out, etc... It's a fine line, and like referees in all major sports, you consider it a victory if you don't get killed.

From the committee, Eric Gerdts, Chris Weber, Jeff Rebholz, and Tera Mitchel all were demighods. From the West Coast filk crowd, Gary Anderson, Jordin Kare, and Rick Weiss all served time. I think that they all did an excellent job.

Saturday we opened up the dealer's tables (Philk Press, Off-Centaur, DAG Design) and had a few panels. The best panel also led to my biggest foul up of the weekend.

We put Frank Hayes, Bill Roper, and Clif Flynt on stage and had an hour called "Lies My Midwestern Friends Told Me". It went over very, very well. It was supposed to be followed by a panel on publishing filk, but when the time came for the publishing panel, Frank, Bill, and Clif were going strong. Since every filkcon for the last four years has had an identical publishing panel, and since three of the four people on it didn't care about being on it one way or the other that I could see, I gave the decree to let the midwestern panel carry over through the second hour.

The problem was that I didn't know that Jordin had given up some plans in order to accomodate us and sit on that panel. By the time that I found this out it was too late to change plans again, so he got stuck due to my ignorance. We eventually got it all straightened out, but I would have preferred that it hadn't happened to begin with. Oh well, live and learn.

At noon on Saturday we were lucky enough to have "Golden Bough" perform. They're a marvelous group from the Bay Area, and sheer coincidence had them in the LA area that weekend. They did about an hour's worth of excellent music. If you're interested, you can get their albums through Off-Centaur or from Kicking Mule Records (POB 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411). They were a big hit at Bayfilk II last year and they went over extremely well at Con-Chord II also. Highly recommended.

Saturday evening was our formal concert, with Bill Roper, Cindy McQuillin, LA Filkharmincs, Chris Weber & Karen Willson, Clif Flynt & Mary Ellen Wessels, Dorothy Fontana & Lynn Barker & Brian Chin, Duane Elms, Kathy Mar, Frank Hayes, and Joey Shoji. (Leslie Fish was unable to attend at the last minute, due to the flu.)

Not only did the main concert start on time, but we also ended within five minutes of when we wanted to. That's a first for the filkcons I've been to.

Chaos resumed after the concert ended, and the reception area outside of our ballroom was at least as active as the inside. It was a nice way of letting those who were just there

to sing and those who were just there to listen to get together in the hall, while those who were there to do both and then some had the ballroom for the chaos.

Sunday morning we had our Sunday Brunch, as opposed to the Midnight Dinners which the three previous West Coast filkcons had tried. This seemed to work out real well, and I was told that the food was good and plentiful. I wouldn't know -- five minutes before breakfast, Janet and I got to take Steven to the local hospital emergency room. (He's fine.)

By mid-Sunday afternoon we had segmented again, with most of the performers out in the hallway and most of the rest in the ballroom. Sunday was supposed to be the strict bardic circle, but when the performers left in droves it started to flounder. By executive fiat I killed the bardic circle, got the performers to come back in from the hallway, and reinstated chaos. That went on until early Sunday evening.

So how did it come out?

Great, despite my psychotic obsession with the glitches and things that might not have gone exactly the way that I wanted.

There was some absolutely fabulous singing and music, from the performers on Saturday night, to Golden Bough on Saturday afternoon, to the group songs at all hours of the night, to some great new funny stuff (some of it directed at me coincidentally), to the One-Shots.

I have yet to talk with anyone who didn't have a good time. We had people from all over the country, and not one of them showed any sign of regret for having been there.

There were some complaints, but all of the people doing the complaining went to lengths to point out that they had had a good time anyway, and the nature of *all* complaints that I've received so far fall under the category of, "You can't please all of the people all of the time; I chose to do it this way; your way is valid, but will have to wait until you put on your own con."

A couple of people griped about my killing of the bardic circle on Sunday. They seem to forget that I have been (and still am) one of the staunchest supporters of the bardic circle. I just believe that it has certain places and times where it is and isn't appropriate, and in any group of over thirty or forty it is not. Additionally, the people complaining about my handling of the bardic circle were also the people complaining about how it wasn't working and asking me to "do something".

One or two people have complained about an individual or two who tried to hog the spotlight and ignore the demigods. Since I won't start banning people from my cons (a guy out here in LA named Doug Wright did that -- you may have heard fannish horror stories about him), I'll simply point out that the people involved were much less of a problem on Saturday and Sunday. To my pragmatic way of thinking, that means that what I did worked.

Overall, the good times that everyone had I think outweighed any problems or inconveniences by an order of magnitude or more. My fellow committee members (all of whom did yeoman duty and came through with flying colors) and close friends all tell me that everything went fine and that what glitches there were were well hidden and covered over smoothly. I'll bow to their judgement.

I do have to give a lot of the credit to Tera, Jeff, Chris, Eric, Karen, and Carolyn who formed the committee with me, and above all, to Janet who stayed sane while putting up with me. No small task, that!

For those of you who weren't there, we're still selling supporting memberships for \$7 in an attempt to break even. This will get you all of the PR's and the program book and package that got distributed at the door, plus FTC2. I think that FTC2 alone will be worth the price.

We also still have a few of the nice ConChord II T-shirts available at \$8.50 each plus \$1.00 for postage. We're out of the Xtra Large sizes, but still have Small, Medium, and Large.

There were official tapes made by Wail Songs, run by Bob Laurent of Oakland. He'll be having at least three and probably four tapes out from the con, with the first two tapes out by Westercon (July 4th).

Wail Songs has also done a Clif Flynt/Mary Ellen Wessels studio tape, called "Fragile Wall". It is at the duplicators now, and they hope to have it available at Marcon, so by the time you read this it should be available. (Inside information, i.e., me, says that this will be one great filk tape!)

You can get a discount on these tapes by ordering them early. "Early" is defined as "by May 15th". The ConChord II tapes are \$7.50 each before 5/15/85 and \$8.50 each after. "Fragile Wall" is \$8.00 before 5/15/85 and \$9.00 after.

Send orders to: Wail Songs  
85 Vernon Street #207  
Oakland, CA 94610

Make checks out to "Wail Songs", add \$1.00 postage for the first tape and fifty cents for each tape after that. California residents should add 6.5% sales tax. And remember the 5/15/85 deadline!

Well, so much for my review of the last couple of months. As noted, the zine is back on track, the back issues are done, and FTC2 will be my best yet or I'll know the reason why. As far as future issues of PFNEN and FTC2 are concerned, I'm always looking for material, so keep us in mind. And please, at least take a look at the "filk musical outline" that follows.

Is anyone planning a midwestern or eastern filkcon for later in '85?? I've been getting a lot of inquiries from this Coast, but haven't heard a thing yet. I know that Vinnie has been hinting about New York for an '86 filkcon, but nothing definite yet. Are the only filkcons going to be on the West Coast?

And is anybody else getting anything from midwestern filkcons so far as program books, etc? I don't recall getting anything more than a single page pre-con advertising flyer from OKon in '83, even though I was a Filk Foundation member. In '84 I bought two full attending memberships (plus still being FF) to OVFF and never got a single piece of mail of any sort, not even the legendary "Filk Awards" ballot.

Put another way I guess, am I being a bit dippy in putting out program books, PR's, and songbooks for ConChord and then making sure that all members, even the Filk Foundation members, get one, when par for the course seems to be ignoring anyone who doesn't show up at the door?

Just a thought.

"An American Filker in London"

FADE IN:

EXT - THE HEATHS OF LONDON - NIGHT

(Note: Since London doesn't have any heaths we'll get 2,000 immigrant farm workers to tear up the scrub grass along the Colorado River so we can film at Lake Havasu.)

Todd and Mary, guitars strapped on their backs, walk nervously through the desolate landscape.

TODD

Are you sure the Filksing was supposed to be in South Icksburry?

MARY

That's what it said in the last issue of Filk Fee-nom-ee-non.

An OS HOWL interrupts them.

TODD

B flat.

[At this point, insert appropriate tune about being lost in the heaths of London on your way to a filksing... or maybe introduce our monster... the Were-filker!]

Todd and Mary glance at each other and run... Todd hears a horrible scream behind him.

TODD

Mary... that's a little above your best range.

But he turns back for her anyway. All he finds is a shattered guitar and scattered pages of her filkbook.

[A song about lost loves, lost wallets, lost dogs... or lost causes (like this musical!).]

Todd looks up in time to be attacked by a strange shape... the Were-Filker! He's bitten, but a SHOT rings out. The were-filker collapses; Todd collapses; any plausibility for this story collapses.

CUT TO:

## A SMALL FLAT IN SOUTH ICKSBURG

The DOCTOR closes up his case. A young lady, YOLANDA, looks on anxiously. Todd, in bed, stirs...

TODD

I can never get this non-dairy creamer to dissolve properly.

DOCTOR

Anyone who uses cremora in tea deserves to get bitten by an unknown animal in the wild heaths of London.

Yolanda looks at the Doctor, pleading.

YOLANDA

But will he be all right?

[The Doctor sings his reply... funny thing, he doesn't bother asking who Yolanda is....]

The Doctor exits.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Todd and Yoland sitting in the living room.

YOLANDA

You've been unconscious for a month.

The zombie-filker, Mary, enters. Only Todd sees her.

MARY

Todd! You're going to change into a were-filker tonight, at the full moon.

TODD

Mary. I -- agggh!

He begins to turn into a were-filker.

YOLANDA

F sharp. And who's Mary?

[Todd sings about changing into a were-filker; Mary sings about being a zombie-filker; Yolanda sings, but is off-key; the audience sings about the cheap special effects.]

CUT TO:

INT - A LONDON TUBE STATION

Todd, as the horrifying were-filker, stalks a helpless mundane.

MUNDANE

No...no... please...  
not another verse!

[As you might have guessed, he gets several verses...  
were-filkers (and hack filk librettists) show no mercy!]

CUT TO:

TOP OF STAIRS

As the mundane staggers up. He is met at the top by Yolanda and LT. HABER DASHERY of Scotland Yard.

LT. HABER

The bleeding eardrums... the  
bags under the eyes... the empty  
wallet...

YOLANDA

Either he's been attacked by the  
were-filker, or he went to a heavy  
metal concert!

BOTTOM OF THE STEPS

Todd, the were-filker appears. He is surrounded by the walking zombie-filkers who have been his victims.

TODD

What do you mean the coffee  
shop is closed? Arghgh!

LT. HABER

A below middle C.

[The entire company launches into a "Busby Berkeley" number up and down the stairs. At its conclusion, Todd menaces Yolanda at the top of the stairs.]

WIDE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

YOLANDA

(screams)

TODD

(a growl)

High C!!

As he is about to pounce, a shot rings out!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lt. Haber blows the smoke off his smoking gun.

L.T. HABER

Glad I didn't miss... do  
you have any idea what  
silver bullets cost these days?

VERY WIDE

As the soul of Todd is liberated from the once again human body. It is joined by the freed souls of his victims.

[Mary and Todd rejoin for a stirring finale with other disembodied victims as the chorus as we....]

FADE OUT

Congratulations again to Vinnie for another win in Boskone's Filksong Contest. // There was some lively filksinging several times/places at Lunacon this year (incl. the Con Suite). // Greg, Vinnie and Cheshire filked at a recent gathering at the Boardmans'. John's grandson seemed entranced by Greg's flow of bawdy and military filk. *He's too young to know better!*

& & THE MELODY LINGERS :: Comments on APA-Filk #25 & &

COVER: As you might expect, all day long on March 21<sup>st</sup> WQXR (classical music station of the Times) had harpsichords and fugues.

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN/Harold Groot: Pass along the "Old Real-Time Religion" verses to Steve Savitsky; perhaps they can be integrated. # Turing was among the first to use an Apple.

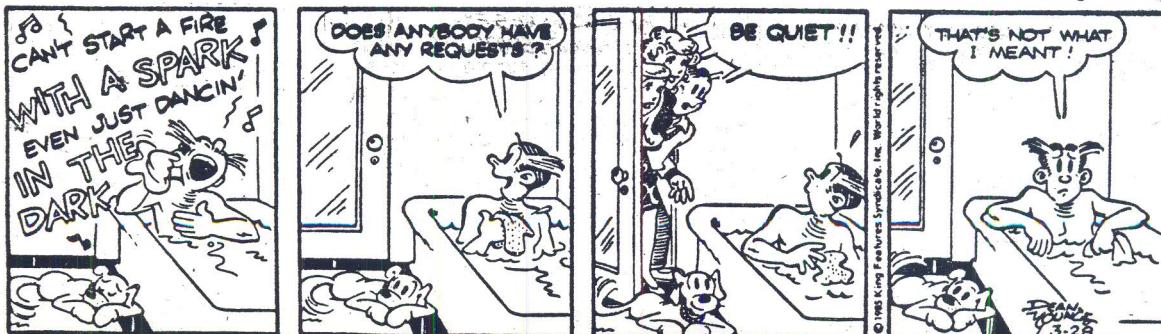
JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Ah, the mercenary life. # We also had trouble with Philcon's hotel not providing what they'd agreed. But there were alternatives to its restaurant. // I agree choice of tune is part of what makes a filksong work - but contrast can be an effect aimed for. There's the filk to "Hava Nagila" beginning "Ave Maria (3X), Allah be praised". Then there's the hymn forever tainted as "Deutschland Uber Alles" (Mike Wood got some odd looks from some Jewish fans when he was heard strumming what he explained later was that hymn.) // Neil Belsky once announced all over a con that he'd broken his G-String (yes, on his guitar, \*phew\*)

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle and Socrates himself was permanently pissed. // Right, another line from "Mlle. from Armentières" went "The French they are a funny race, / They fight with their feet and fuck with their face" - making "French" a sexual adjective. // Interesting review of Armageddon Rag. Right, when the ex-hippies (or at least that generation) got into positions of money and influence, how did they use that influence? By becoming Reagan-voting yuppies. Forget the agenda they proposed in the '60s. Once they got into the System they had a stake in maintaining it. Your later comments to Vinnie about the hostages in Iran being a Traumatic Event may be on target. Combine them with the newly conservative yuppies and you get a disturbing right-wing majority. # By the way, I hear George Harrison is a hermit hiding out from nuclear war and/or assassination. // What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt? According to this year's Lunacon logo, a full moon. // Re P.S. 666, an unintentional joke: in NYC a "600" school was for delinquents.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG/Vinnie Bartilucci: Since you ask, your typeface is a bit small. // We didn't quite make it to 99 fans in our rooms at Philcon and Boskone but we tried.

IN THE KEY OF OFF/Gail S Kaufman: That's what Greg gets for calling for more filk, one which doesn't rhyme, another that doesn't rhyme or scan. More worthwhile were your comments about the original "99 Bottles of Beer". I learned "99 bottles of beer on the wall, 99 bottles of beer. If one of those bottles should happen to fall..." and a filk "99 hydrogen bombs. Take

one down, blow up a town..." According to Gail, the original dates back to WW I and is closer to the filk than the kids' song.





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APPRENTICE

# 26

MAY 1985

